

# PUTNAM REPUBLICAN BANNER.

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GREENCASTLE, IND., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1859.

NO. 43

## C. W. BROWN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

No name entered until the money is paid.  
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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

### JOHN HANNA, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GREENCASTLE, IND.

OFFICE in Southern building, adjoining the Post Office. Having resumed the practice of my profession, I respectfully solicit a share of such business as usually demands the attention of attorneys.

### MATSON & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GREENCASTLE, IND.

OFFICE in Thornburgh's Block, over Stevenson & Peck's Store. Aug. 24, 1859.

### MARSHALL A. MOORE, Attorney at Law—Dept. Prosecutor, GREENCASTLE, IND.

WILL practice in the Courts of Putnam county; faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his care; make speedy collections and prompt remittances, &c. &c. &c.  
OFFICE—Up stairs, one door West of the old Thornburgh Corner, South side of the Public Square.  
Greencastle, Aug. 24, 1859.

### D. E. WILLIAMSON, AND DAGGY, WILLIAMSON & DAGGY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GREENCASTLE, IND.

OFFICE, up stairs in the Ash Brick, N. Square.  
WILL give prompt attention to all professional business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. (July 27, '59)

### REUBEN S. RAGAN, NOTARY PUBLIC, GREENCASTLE, IND.

WILL attend promptly to Collections and all other business in the Superior and Inferior Courts of Indiana.  
Bounty Land and Pension Claims Secured.  
GREENCASTLE, IND.

### DR. H. R. PITCHLYNN, Physician and Surgeon, GREENCASTLE, IND.

OFFICE in the 1st Charge Methodist Church, Jan. 1, 1859-ly

### ANDREW J. DARNALL, REAL ESTATE & LIVE STOCK AGENT, GREENCASTLE, IND.

and General Commission Merchant,  
GREENCASTLE, IND.  
Office—North-East Room of the Court house

### E. T. KEIGHTLY, NOTARY PUBLIC, AND GREENCASTLE, IND.

Agent for the location of Land Warrants generally.  
Office—At the Exchange Bank, Greencastle, Ind.  
March 24, '58-ly.

### JAMES J. SMILEY, Prosecuting Attorney, GREENCASTLE, IND.

WILL give prompt official attention to all matters connected with the law, such as general collections, remittances, &c., on reasonable terms.  
OFFICE—One door North of the Post-office, up stairs.  
Greencastle, Ind., Jan. 6th, '58-ly

### CRANE & EDSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, GREENCASTLE, IND.

OFFICE, South-west Corner of the Public Square, up stairs. Will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to their care, making quick collections and prompt remittances.  
June 30th, 1859.

### RICHARD HARGRAVE, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, GREENCASTLE, IND.

Will take Depositions, Acknowledgments, and draw Deeds, Mortgages, and other legal documents. He may be found at his office during business hours, at the office of R. L. Hathaway—south-west corner Pub. Square.  
Greencastle, Feb. 16, '59.

### JOHN S. JENNINGS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GREENCASTLE, IND.

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Collections made and promptly remitted.  
Particular attention paid to the Settlement of Estates.  
Deeds, Mortgages and written instruments of all kinds given in good style.  
Office—At present in Treasurer's Office  
May 26, '59

### Bainbridge Tinshop. D. S. WARD keeps constantly on hand the best quality of COOK AND PARLOR STOVES and TIN WARE, at Cincinnati retail prices. Bainbridge, Ind., February 16.

### GREENCASTLE AGENCY "Etna Insurance Co., Grant consideration—that of receiving a remuneration for property destroyed by fire, by paying a small tax thereon. The undersigned would say to the citizens of Putnam county that he is agent for the Hartford "Etna Insurance Company, established in 1819, capital \$300,000. It has stood the test of the most destructive fires in America, which have caused scores of offices to fail. Pays all claims in sixty days after they are established. Grant inducement offered for insurance on the east side of the square. May 25th, 1858. E. T. KEIGHTLY.

### JUST RECEIVED, A lot of these valuable remedies: Crompton's Strawberry Balsam "Horse Liniment." Wormer's Condition Powders. At COOK'S DRUGSTORE, N. W. Cor. Public Square.

### Cash paid for WHEAT. DORSEY & JONES

## "HAVE PATIENCE."

A youth and maid, one winter night,  
Were sitting in the corner;  
His name was told, was Joshua White,  
And hers was Patience Warner.  
Not much the pretty maiden said,  
Beside the young man sitting;  
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,  
Her eyes bent on her knitting.  
Nor could he guess what thoughts of him,  
Wer to her bosom flocking.  
As her fingers, swift and slim,  
Flow round and round the stocking.  
While, as for Joshua, bashful youth,  
His words grew few and fever;  
The all the time, to tell the truth,  
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,  
She knit so fast and steady;  
And he must give his aid, no doubt,  
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course the thread  
Got tangled, snarled and twisted,  
"Have patience!" cried the artless maid,  
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was this for tongue-tied churl  
To shorten all palaver;  
"Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl,  
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done; no more, that night,  
Clicked needles in the corner;  
And she is Mrs. Joshua White,  
That once was Patience Warner.

## "WILL MARRY HIM, FOR I NEED A HOME."

Many, many times do these words sound  
The death-knell to all earthly happiness;  
Many, many times is this the burden of a  
requiem to which Heaven alone listens  
when the marriage vow is plighted; a re-  
quiem which the fair, pale bride would not  
for the world speak aloud, but which  
every heart-throb thrusts home to her  
burning spirit, even while in deceitful  
mockery she answers the fatal "Yes!"  
"I'll marry him, for I need a home."  
Poor girl! she gives her hand, but there is  
no heart in the matter. She is clearly  
aware of his unfitness to make her happy;  
she even shrinks, at first, with ill-concealed  
inward loathing, from the idea of sur-  
rendering herself to a man who her heart has  
not chosen. She tries to summon courage  
sufficient to refuse him; but she is con-  
scious of her entire inability to depend  
upon herself. She says, "he will at least  
keep me in a respectable condition in life."  
"I must marry him," and forthwith she  
stands at the altar and plights a love which  
she does not feel. She becomes his wife;  
not from a pure sense of love and duty,  
but from the mercenary desire to obtain a  
shelter from the fierce storms whose violence  
she is unable to resist by her own  
powers. Helpless creature—how deserv-  
ing of pity!

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."  
Young lady, this is to be the motive that  
decides your choice? Heaven forbid!  
Aim yourself with a consciousness of  
power to grapple with actual life for your-  
self. By a careful process of self-culture,  
should death deprive you of your natural  
protectors and supporters. Prepare to  
stand self-supported among the selfish  
throng that crowd life's motley stage.—  
You will then be at liberty to consult your  
own heart, whenever a candidate for your  
hand appears. You could even venture to  
marry the man you loved, even if he had  
no home, with the joyful thought of be-  
ing able to help him to get one—and what  
a happy hour would that be!

"I'll marry him, for I need some one to  
love—some one who loves and cares for  
me"—this is the better reasoning. With  
this your motto, this your aim, you will  
be the crowning glory of your home, and  
your husband shall acknowledge you to be  
the good genius of his existence; and this  
invaluable power of self-reliance shall be  
a precious talisman of safety, at all times  
and under all circumstances, and will pre-  
pare you for any crisis or condition to  
which you may be called.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home."  
Yes, and a miserable, unhappy home you  
will have, with nothing but a mercenary  
love in it. Your character shall determine  
the question of your husband's success in  
the mighty battles of life; for many a  
man, of high promise and golden gifts,  
has been dragged deep into despair by a  
weak-minded, inefficient wife, who "just  
married him to get a home." She is but  
weakness and disease to his pinion, instead  
of beauty and vigor to his wings, which  
would otherwise have borne him on to  
honor and fortune.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home," do  
you say? Never dare to speak or think  
that fatal thought again. Wake up to a  
sense of your own inward strength. You  
are a woman—not a child. Dependent  
poverty is one of the saddest of human  
nations' ills. Life is a dreary waste, and  
its storms are heralds of certain destruc-  
tion, to such a helpless, friendless child  
of earth as you are. Buckle on the armor of  
self-reliance, and feel that you are able  
to cope with the world, and with this noble  
consciousness and power you will surely  
succeed. If adversity be yours, you will  
be prepared to meet its frosty breath; if a  
wife, you will be content and happy,  
whether prosperous or adverse circum-  
stances are yours—nothing would daunt  
you, for your motto would be:  
"Let come the wild weather—come sleet or  
come snow."  
We will stand by each other, however it blow;  
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,  
Shall be our true love, as links to a chain."

A son of Governor Gorman, of Minne-  
sota, has been expelled from the Illinois  
University for "raising the devil and  
breaking things." That young gentleman,  
if he lives long enough, may yet  
reach the "White House" at Washington,  
or even force his way into the State  
Prison. He is one of the "fast."

GO ON WITH YOUR RAT KILLING.—Prairies  
of Illinois are so terribly infested with rats  
that one of the county agricultural so-  
cieties, that of Logan, has offered three  
premiums of \$50, \$30 and \$20 for the  
three largest exhibitors of rat scalps at their  
Fair. A great many persons are  
competing for the prize, and the show  
promises to be large and interesting. Mr.  
Gordon, of Kickapoo Creek, has already  
secured 1,113 scalps and intends running  
the number to fifteen hundred before the  
Fair!

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in  
company with my wife and child—a little  
prattling fellow of six summers—started  
out for a walk. A little dog, that was very  
much attached to the child, persisted in  
following us. Twice had I driven him  
back; the last time as I thought, effectual-  
ly. The afternoon was very fine, and as I  
slowly followed the serpent-like windings  
of the rail-road, conversation very natu-  
rally turned upon scenes and little incidents  
of our walk; the gaily-plumed songsters,  
the chattering squirrel, and the bee all con-  
spired to take our attention.

Becoming weary, at length we set our-  
selves down on a grassy knoll by the side  
of a rail-road, about two hundred yards  
below where a sharp angle occurs hiding  
it from view. Our little boy was higher  
up on the bank, busily plucking the blue-  
bells and dandelions, that grew in profu-  
sion around, and we soon lost sight of him  
altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy  
of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I cast  
myself on the grass beside her, enrapt  
in the beauty of the landscape spread to  
view. There a field of tasselling corn  
gently waved to and fro, while here a field  
of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful  
fragrance on the air.

"Was like some enchanted bower—the  
silence broken only by the tinkling of  
sheep's bells, or the lowing of kine, as  
they peacefully grazed on the distant pas-  
ture. I was thinking of the infinite wis-  
dom and goodness of the Great Creator,  
in thus making earth so beautiful for poor  
sinful man, and thousands are swept away  
from his charms forever and forgotten,  
when I was aroused from my reverie by  
the shrill whistle of the approaching train.  
Instinctively I turned to look for little  
Harry, when a quick exclamation from  
my wife caused me to turn.

She was pale as death, "William, look  
at our child," she faintly whispered. I  
did so; and, my God! who can tell the  
agony that wrung my heart at that instant!  
The little recreant had wandered up the  
track unheeded, and set himself down on  
the oaken sleepers to pull his flowers, just  
below the curve, unconscious of the death  
that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards him,  
beckoning him to come to me as I ad-  
vanced. Instead of doing so, he ap-  
prehending some playful sport, commenced  
running up the track laughing gleefully  
as he went. The smoke from the ad-  
vancing engine was at this instant distinct-  
ly visible; it was not possible that I could  
overtake him in time to save him from that  
cruel death. As it was, I was but hurrying  
him on to his doom. No, it was  
evident my efforts could be of no avail. I  
breathed a prayer to him on high, and  
suggested back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog  
broke upon my ear. With one gleeful  
bound our boy cleared the track and grasped  
the little woolly intruder in his arms.  
The train rushed around the curve with  
a whizzing sound. The iron monster was  
cheated of his prey. I am an old man,  
but I must confess that as I once more  
held our little truant in my arms, safe, the  
tears of gratitude started to my eye. The  
little dog had perseveringly followed the  
child unseen, to be the means of saving  
his life. Blind, blind indeed, is he who  
could not see the finger of God in this.

A STRONG STOMACH.—A western cattle  
dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sit-  
ting down to meat with a family, and had  
never been in a minister's house in his life  
was not long ago beighted and lost in his  
ride across the prairies, and compelled to  
ask for lodgings in the first house he could  
find. Happily for him, it proved to be  
the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who  
gave him a cordial welcome, and, what  
was especially agreeable, told him supper  
would soon be ready. The traveler's ap-  
petite was ravenous, and the moment he  
was asked to sit by, he complied; and  
without waiting for a second invitation, he  
aid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop, stop!" said the good man of the  
house: "we are in the habit of saying  
something here before we eat."  
This hint to wait till the blessing was  
asked, the rough customer did not under-  
stand; but, with his mouth full, he mut-  
tered:  
"Go ahead! say what you like! you  
can't turn my stomach now."

## CARRIE.

I have a little cousin,  
She's scarcely five years old,  
Her eyes are blue as heaven,  
And her locks are shining gold.  
Her brow's a lily petal,  
And her cheek a damask rose.  
She's a winsome little creature,  
And this, she almost knows.  
Her glad blue eyes are beaming  
Like sunshine on the earth;  
And she laughs away the shadows  
With her ever-loving mirth.  
She dances like a fairy,  
With footstep light and free.  
As bright as any angel,  
This Carrie is to me.

BOY-LOVE.—The passion of love in  
boys bears about the same relation to gen-  
uine love that green fruit does to ripe.  
Women of a little experience soon learn  
that it is not quite safe to trust boys with  
the secrets of their hearts, as they are  
apt both to misinterpret and misrepresent  
any little freedom of manners. At this  
period, the imagination is morbid from  
weakness and inexperience; and a prom-  
ise to boast of what their vanity com-  
pels them to advance on the part of ladies,  
is among the least ill consequences of flirt-  
ing with boys.

A lady in Middletown, Conn, has re-  
covered by a law suit \$35 and cost from  
an ill-mannered chap who dressed himself  
up as a ghost and nearly frightened her  
to death.

AN UNFORDONABLE OFFENCE.—There is  
one thing that the most successful man  
rarely succeeds in—and that is in making  
others forgive him his success.

Emerson says when a public man claims  
more consideration than his faculties entit-  
le him to, he is a politician.

## "CAN'T AFFORD TO EDUCATE."

How often do we hear able farmers ex-  
claim: "I never had a chance to go to  
school, and my boys must do as I have  
done. I can't afford to educate them."  
Their farms are well fenced, their stock  
well housed, and their horses well curried  
and attended to. The carriage is, at  
least, as elegant as the neighbors, and  
their finely caparisoned steeds prance joy-  
ously, as they tangle their way onward  
bearing behind them a burden of silks  
and broadcloths. Alas! these things they  
can afford, partly because they are useful,  
and partly because they take pleasure in  
seeing them thus. (It would increase  
the value of a horse by making him more  
intelligent to do their bidding, more beau-  
tiful to behold, or more competent to per-  
form his duty, they could even send him  
to college. But they have cannot go to  
school for they stay at home and attend  
to the horses. The stock is really  
the most valuable part of the concern—the  
idle of the plantation, and the farmer,  
with his sons are his slaves. Thus they  
labor on, and by dint of perseverance ac-  
cumulate a fortune, until death overtakes  
them, and their boys are left with a prop-  
erty upon their hands which they have  
neither the experience or discipline of  
mind to manage prudently, and much less  
to enjoy. They find themselves among a  
new generation wiser and more politic  
than the old. Society has also changed,  
and they find themselves surrounded by  
manners and customs different from those  
which their father taught them. They  
have slumbers, while the tide of human  
progress bore them onward, throwing  
them upon an unknown sea without chart  
or compass by which to steer their course.  
Thus life is robbed of half its pleasures;  
society is robbed of useful citizens, and  
they are fortunate indeed, if in the end,  
they are not robbed of their property by  
some designing man.

Those who think it is economy not to  
educate are sadly mistaken. As a capital  
it pays more than fifty per cent. Science  
is now being brought to bear upon every  
department of human labor. It pays as a  
moralizer—more than half of the convicts  
in penitentiaries can neither read or write,  
and less than one in every hundred are  
truly educated men. "It pays" in a busi-  
ness point of view, as it is the foundation  
of every business pursuit. "It pays" the  
laboring man, as labor is more effective  
when each stroke is directed by an intelli-  
gent operative.

This is an age in which mind predomi-  
nates over brute force. The sewing ma-  
chine has brought comparative elegance  
and luxury within the reach of the poor,  
and its tireless nerves and nimble fingers,  
perform the midnight toil of a thousand  
beating hands. A mill-driver on the  
banks of the Mississippi, now does the  
work—guided by one intelligent workman  
—which once required the combined  
strength of a hundred slaves; and it is  
computed that one intelligent freeman of  
the North will perform more labor than  
two of the ignorant chatties of a southern  
plantation.

An education "pays" any man, wheth-  
er high or low, rich or poor; because it  
makes him more of a man; it builds out  
his mind upon a broader foundation, en-  
larges his fields of usefulness, increases  
his power to retain the mastery of himself  
and his own affairs, and increases his fac-  
ilities for enjoyment.

## DEATH OF DAVID C. BRODERICK.

The telegraph brings us the news of  
the death of David C. Broderick, Senator  
from California. He fell in a duel with  
Judge Terry, growing out of the late en-  
venomed political campaign in that State.  
The first report of the duel stated that Ter-  
ry had been shot in the throat, and prob-  
ably mortally wounded. It appears now  
that the result was more lamentable, for  
Broderick was a resolute, able man and  
Terry was a wretched politician of the  
Leecompton school, and a man of so mis-  
chievous a character that he was arrested  
by the Vigilance Committee some years  
ago, and narrowly escaped hanging. The  
report says Broderick was shot through the  
lungs, and lingered a day or so and  
died. If it proves true, and we have no  
reason to doubt it, the cause of Freedom  
has lost a daring champion, in a State  
where such champions were rare and nec-  
essary. He was still a young man, and  
though not a man of great intellectual  
power, possessed such decision, resolution,  
and firmness, combined with strong com-  
mon sense, that he exerted a controlling  
power in the politics of his State, and  
would have extended his field if he had  
lived. It was entirely by his aid that his  
treacherous, dishonorable colleague, Gwin,  
was elected, and doubtless by the latter's  
connivance that he was badgered into this  
fatal conflict.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The funeral of the late Senator Brod-  
erick was attended by 3,000 persons, in  
carriages and otherwise. It is said to  
have been the most imposing scene ever  
witnessed in San Francisco. The build-  
ings along the line of the procession were  
draped in mourning. The funeral ora-  
tion was delivered by Col. E. D. Baker.

A BURNING WELL.—A singular in-  
stance of a burning well occurred last  
week in Milo town. Mr. A. J. Ne-  
vitt was boring a well, to the depth of a  
foot 60 feet, when he had some suspicion  
that it contained inflammable gas. A  
lighted candle was taken within about 8  
feet of the well, when the gas caught and  
the flames arose to a height of about  
twenty feet. It was so near the house  
that a part of it had to be removed, in  
order to prevent a conflagration. Various  
methods were resorted to, to extinguish  
the fire, but all proved unsuccessful. It  
remained on fire from Wednesday after-  
noon until Sunday morning.—*Bureau Co.  
(Ill.) Repub.*

We have often heard of pitching tents,  
but a Democratic editor boasts that his  
party in the spring of 1860 "will pitch  
their platform." Let them err in it well,  
and there may be a chance of their stick-  
ing to it.

## HOW SUT LOVEGOOD DOSED HIS DOG.

When I was a boy, my legs not longer  
than John Wentworth's, dad fetched home  
a wuthless, mangy, flea-bitten, gray old  
foxhound, good for nothin' but to swaller  
what order lined the bowels of us brats.  
Well I naturally took a distaste to him,  
and had a sort o' bakers' art huntin'  
his feelings an' discomfortin' on him ev-  
ery time dads back were turned. This  
sorter kept a big skeer alers afore his eyes,  
and a ortel yell ready to pour out, the  
fast moshen he seed me make. So he  
larned to swaller things as he run, and al-  
lers kept his legs well under him, fur he  
didn't never know how soon he might  
want to use 'em in totin' his carcass be-  
yond the reach o' a flyin' rock. He  
knowed the whiz o' a rock in moshun well,  
an' he never stopped to see who flung it,  
but just left his head to open up in a howl  
to cum, and set his legs gwine the  
same way his head was in the air. He'd shy  
round every rock he seed in the road, fur  
he looked upon it as a calamity to cum  
arter him some day. I tell you, Grego-  
ry, that runnin' am the greatest invenshun  
on yarth, when used keepfully. Whar'd  
I been by this time, ef I hadn't relied  
on these ere legs? D'y'e see 'em? Don't  
they remind you o' cummuses made on  
purpose to divide a mile into quarters?  
They'll do.

Well, one day I tuk a pig's bladder,  
nigh on the size of a duck's aig, and filled  
it ful o' powder, and corked it with a  
piece of spunk, rolled it up in a thin skulp  
of meat, and sot the spunk afire and flung  
it to him. He swallerred it at a jerk, and  
then sot to getting away for doin' it. I  
heard a noise like bustin' sumthin', and  
his tail lit top o' my hat. His head were  
away down the hill, and had tuk a death  
hold onto a root. His fore legs were fift-  
y feet up the road makin' runnin' mosh-  
uns, and his hind ones a straddl o' the  
fence. As to the dog hisself, as a dog, I  
never seed him agin.

Well, dad flung five or six hundred un-  
der my shirt with the dried skin o' a  
bull's tail, and gin me the remainder next  
day with a waggin what he borrow-  
ed from a feller while he wur a water-  
feller; the waggin got sorry fur  
me, and holloed to me to turn my beggin  
and squall in to a frustrate runnin, wher  
I immejudy did, and the last lick missed  
me about ten feet.

THE HONEY BEE IN CALIFORNIA.—  
There is something peculiarly strange in  
the honey-bee in California—something  
worthy of note by the naturalist. In other  
States a single swarm from a hive is  
considered satisfactory; but here, after a  
swarm has sent out one, two, or three  
swarms, the children in the first hive send  
forth other broods again, thus giving in a  
single season, grand swarms; this, now,  
is almost a universal theory, and is won-  
derful.

We know of some cases almost too re-  
markable to be received with credence;  
yet we can show the collection. We  
know our party, who commenced the pre-  
sent year with seventeen swarms, who now  
has seventy-eight. We know another  
person, who commenced with twenty-one,  
that now has one hundred and seventeen  
swarms.—*California Farmer.*

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—Christopher  
Wright, Esq., of this city, has furnished  
us with a genealogical sketch of one  
branch of a family of his ancestors, on  
the maternal side, which contains one in-  
stance of family longevity, rarely if ever  
known, and which, is, we think, worthy of  
record. Mr. Wright remembers of hav-  
ing seen them all. The family name was  
Rogers. There were ten in number; all  
born, lived and died in the town of  
Marshfield, Plymouth Co., Mass. Their  
respective ages as it appears, amounted to  
nine hundred and eighty-eight years! 17  
Seven out of ten living a century and over.  
Here are their names and ages. Timothy  
lived the age of 100 years; Israel 97;  
Amos 85; Peleg, 107; Zacheus 105;  
Adam 104; Lydia 100; Betsey, 90;  
Ennies, 100; Jane, 100. Aggregate,  
988.—*Portland Transcript.*

PORTLAND. Will Cumback made an ex-  
cellent speech in Cincinnati on Monday night.  
Had the Cincinnati papers reported it in  
full we should have copied it, but as they  
only sketched it, we can only give the fol-  
lowing amusing extract, in which he illus-  
trates the position of George E. Pugh:  
The speaker proceeded to express his  
opinion of Mr. Pugh, but a pack of  
crackers fired off by some ingenious fellow  
in the crowd interfered with our hearing,  
and we lost a good thing. The conclu-  
sion of it was that Mr. Pugh will shortly  
be like an old Hoosier lady's calf in high  
water. She owned a cabin, a cow and  
calf. The circuit preacher arrived at her  
house, and attempted to sympathize with  
her in view of the trouble the freshest mat-  
ter given her. She said she "didn't mind  
the water comin'" into the house, but it was  
mighty hard when the calf had to stick  
its head under water to suck." Next week  
Mr. Pugh would find the political waters  
of Ohio so high that he won't be able to  
get his head deep enough under the sur-  
face to get to the public seat.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST METHODIST MIN-  
ISTER IN THE WEST.—The Ohio Statesman  
announces the death of the Rev. Jacob  
Young, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.  
He died at the residence of his son,  
at Harrisburg, Franklin county, Ohio.  
He was probably the oldest man and the  
oldest minister in the West if not in the  
United States. He was beloved by all who  
knew him.

A California has broached in the Alta  
a plan of thirty millions for the Pacific  
Railroad, by a lottery of 6,000,000 tickets  
at \$5 each, the prizes from a million down  
to twenty-five dollars to be paid in stock.

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.—A Mrs. Pres-  
cott Lawrence, of Winhall, V., died a few  
days since of consumption, and as a num-  
ber of the family had previously died of  
the same disease the family went through  
the superstitious farce of burning the lungs  
heart and liver of the deceased to prevent  
any more from dying of the same disease.

## DEALING WITH THE DEAD.

A writer in the Eclectic Review, in dis-  
cussing the subject of memorial tombs,  
makes brief allusion to two specimens of  
interment he has visited, each having its  
own peculiarities:

One is the grave of St. Carlo Borromeo,  
beneath the marble temple of Milan. This  
venerated and popular archbishop of the  
sixteenth century, to whom Milan owes,  
among other things, the completion of its  
Duomo, was virtually mummified; he was  
then clothed with sumptuous archiepisco-  
pal attire; the mitre was placed on his  
skinning scalp, the crozier in his shriveled  
fingers; and the whole was enclosed in a  
coffin of a transparent crystal. Whoso-  
ever will now pay a few francs for the  
sight, may have an opportunity of inspect-  
ing at leisure this lesson on the vanity of  
human greatness.

In contrast to this, I may mention the  
curious practice of the Capuchin friars,  
who both their dead and their antiseptic  
bake them in an oven, then clothe them in  
a long serge gown, confined with a girdle  
of ropes and having placed their well  
thumbled rosary on their withered fingers,  
arrange them in open niches of a subterranean chapel.

In one of the Capuchin monasteries in  
Malta there is a fine collection of these  
semi-cooked individuals. After a year or  
two they become unable to stand as they  
were at first placed, and finally, in ghos-  
tly submission, they are doubled together, and  
lain in their rags to moulder in the dust.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance  
is that when the devil fires one into a flock,  
he will be pretty apt to hit some one.

LABOR.—It is only by labor that thought  
can be made healthy, and only by  
thought that labor can be made happy,  
and the two cannot be separated with  
impunity.

The editor of the Constitution says that  
he "ignores the American party." He  
is a fellow of infinite IGNORANCE.—*Lou.  
Journal.*

The bones of quite a number of the sol-  
diers who fell in the battle of Brandywine  
have been dug up at Chadd's Ford, near  
Philadelphia, by the men engaged in grad-  
ing the Philadelphia and Baltimore Cen-  
tral Railroad. The bones of one man,  
supposed to be a German soldier, meas-  
ured about six feet six inches, meas-  
ured from the Hessian uniform. The buttons  
were made of lead, and were not much de-  
faced.

A SENTIMENT.—At the funeral of Dr.  
Graham in New Orleans, the man who  
murdered a gentleman last year at a hotel  
in New York, and has now been himself  
the victim of a street fight, Rev. Dr. Fuller  
said:

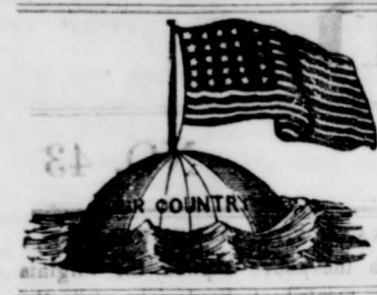
"For one thing, this man, (Graham) is  
to be spoken well of by all; and for another  
thing he is to be spoken ill of by none.  
The first is, he was God's work; the sec-  
ond is, he is dead."

MURDERER ARRESTED.—The Martins-  
ville Gazette states that George Drake  
was arrested in Alleghany county, Mo., a  
few days ago, for the murder of a man named  
Atty, some thirty years ago. Drake  
was arrested at the time of the murder,  
and a true bill found against him by the  
grand jury, but he managed to break jail  
and make good his escape to some part of  
the West. He will be tried during the  
present month. The widow of Atty who  
heard the dying confession of her husband  
that Drake was the person that inflicted  
the wound which caused his death, is still  
living. Drake



# Putnam Republican Banner

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1859.



## THE RESULT.

The great agony is over in this county, and as is already known to many of our readers, the Republicans have been defeated by majorities ranging from three hundred and upwards. The causes producing this result might be enumerated in detail, did we deem it necessary. Some few have attributed the defeat of our candidates to a communication in the *Banner* of the signature of "A Jackson Democrat," but, to be brief and short, we think the cause was the want of a requisite number of votes.

While we have no cause for rejoicing at the result in "Old Putnam," we certainly have reason to feel pleased at the result of our State at large, as well as the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Iowa and Minnesota, in all of which the Republicans have made decided gains.

We have heard from the following counties in Indiana, to-wit:

Montgomery county has elected a Republican Auditor, David T. Ridge.

Boone county has gone for the Democrats.

Fountain county has also gone for the Democrats by a small majority.

Tippacanoe has gone for the Republicans, so we are informed.

Vermillion has elected a Republican Clerk, Mr. Livengood.

Parke has elected her entire Republican ticket.

Vigo elects a Republican Auditor, Recorder and Commissioner. A decided change.

Sullivan elects a Republican Clerk.—This is a great gain.

Marion county has elected her entire Republican ticket by four or five hundred majority.

Hendricks county has elected Dr. Ritter, (Republican) by a decided majority over Withrow, (sore-head Republican,) who was run by the Democrats.

"Old Wayne" is always "right side up with cars," having elected Sol. Meredith, Clerk.

Noble county has elected the entire Republican ticket by a handsome majority.

Marshall county—The Republicans all right here. Majority from 37 to 150.

Kosciusko county—Republican ticket successful by a majority of 400.

Carroll county has also elected a Republican ticket.

Whitley county, Republican, except for Clerk, which as yet remains in doubt.

Switzerland county has elected the whole opposition ticket.

Union county has elected the entire Republican ticket, including G. W. Brown for Clerk, which we are glad to hear, as the most unfair means were used to defeat him.

Upon the whole, there are some eighteen or twenty counties in this State, in which there have been decided indications in favor of the Republican cause, giving us reason to believe that with proper effort and the dissemination of correct information among the people, the State at large will be carried for the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

In addition to this, the news from Ohio is of the most cheering character. In about thirty counties of that State there has been a gain of five thousand votes, and the probability is that there is a decided Republican majority in both branches of the Legislature. This will secure the election of a United States Senator in place of George E. Pugh, and work divers other needful reforms in the affairs of that State.

We have but little from Iowa, but what we have is encouraging for the triumph of correct principles in the great battle of 1860.

We regret to learn that the fine dwelling house of our friend Benjamin Durham, just on the eve of being completed, was entirely consumed by fire a few days since. This house was situated near Parkersburg, and when fully completed, would have been one of the finest houses in the county. Since the burning of his house, Mr. Durham has purchased property in Greencastle with the intention of being a permanent citizen amongst us.

ELECTIONS YET TO BE HELD THIS YEAR.—On the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, elections will be held in the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

DOUGLAS ON THE OHIO ELECTION.—The Washington correspondent of the O. S. Journal writes:—

Mr. Douglas was down at the National Hotel last evening, and fortified by a glass of grog, he was quite hopeful of the "later reports of the election." He declared "Ohio would come out all right yet."

"Your Worcester speech should certainly save us from defeat then," said a Buchanan Democrat.

The latest news from across the Ocean, at Liverpool and London, is that Breadstuff had a declining tendency in price. We have dates to the 4th inst.—

Farmers and others in this section have no reason to expect a rise in the price of grain.

## OFFICIAL VOTE OF PUTNAM CO.,

Polled at the October Election, 1859.

County	Rep.	Dem.	Other
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Ellettsville	106	106	106
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